

ER 8060-a

1958

Miss Janet Hutchinson

Dear Miss Hutchinson:

On behalf of Mr. Dulles, I should like to thank you for your letter of 16 October and the enclosed article on Peter Burke.

We appreciate your taking the time out to write us about this matter.

With kindest regards.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

Executive Officer

O/DCI/ dd 27 Oct 58 Retyped: 28 Oct 58

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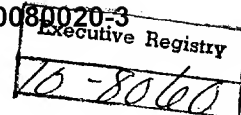
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PETER HURKOS

October 16, 1958

Mr. Allen W. Dulles
Central Intelligence Agency
Washington, D.C.

My dear Mr. Dulles:

Feeling that every possible resource should be made known to the Central Intelligence Agency, I am sending you this reprint of an article concerning Peter Hurkos.

Mr. Hurkos is both widely known and highly respected by similar agencies in Europe. He has returned to this country after spending the summer in his native Holland, and intends to become a United States citizen.

Miss Emeline K. Paige, who wrote this article, is working with us on Mr. Hurkos's autobiography.

Sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Janet Hutchinson".

enclosure:

reprint from YANKEE Magazine

by EMELINE K. PAIGE

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The Man Who Knows

EDITOR'S NOTE: ESP, like weather forecasting, is sometimes apparently possible—sometimes not. YANKEE gives you this article for what it is, no more, no less.

The Man Who Knows



"I'll do what I can—" the big man said, and turned from the telephone.

Requests for help were not uncommon to his experience, so it was no surprise that an acquaintance in Philadelphia, whose daughter was missing, should call him—in Florida—to ask for the kind of assistance that *only he* could give.

Concentration clouded the tall man's face for a few minutes, then he picked up the telephone again. "Tell the police to look in the river fifteen feet from the boathouse, near the left bank . . . they will find your daughter's body there . . ." . . . and Peter Hurkos hung up.

* * *

In a comfortably air-conditioned office in Texas half a dozen men watched as a large map was spread on the floor. There were three stones on a desk's glass top, each picked up on land recently purchased. The big man glanced at the map, holding one of the stones in his hand. Almost causally he placed it on the map, then did the same with the second stone.

"I'll have a beer," he said, nodding to one of the men. After a slow swallow he set the third stone on the map. "There is oil here at 15,000 feet, here at 4,500 feet, and here at 11,200 feet," and he pointed to each stone in turn.

Peter Hurkos had made one mistake: drilling found the oil to be only 11,000 feet below the surface under the third stone.

* * *



Placing stones on a map, Hurkos can forecast the location of an oil well and the depth at which oil will be found.

IT ALL STARTED ONE DAY IN HOLLAND. The bandaged head moved slightly on the pillow. The big man had been in the hospital in a coma for three days—since a fall from a ladder knocked him unconscious.

Slowly, his eyes opened. At the next bed a nurse was assisting a patient about to be released after recovering from an injury sustained in an automobile accident. As the eyes of the two men met, the bandaged one said, "Good morning, Mynheer Burgmeier." The other, looking around quickly, replied, "My name is

not Burgmeier. It is Joop de Vries.

"No . . . you are Hans Burgmeier, a bank teller at a bank in Rotterdam. I see you putting money into a bag and hurrying away . . . and an automobile accident . . ." The other snapped the cover of his suitcase and hurried from the room.

The nurse began to strip the vacated bed. "What made you call Mynheer de Vries 'Mynheer Burgmeier'?" she asked, not certain that Peter Hurkos was fully conscious, for his eyes were closed again.

"That is his name."
"How do you know?"

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"I don't know . . . but it is so." After a minute or two the patient spoke again, this time with some anxiety. "And you, Nurse Zelder—you must be very careful. I see you on a train, and you may lose your valise—"

Thoroughly startled, the nurse moved to the side of the bed. "How do you know my name?"

"I don't know—"

Turning away, Nurse Zelder pulled the bottom sheet from the empty bed and a folded paper fell to the floor. It was a driver's license, made out in the name of Hans Burgmeier, its description fitting "Joop de Vries."

Nurse Zelder rushed to the office of the Director, showed him the license and repeated the brief conversation between the men. While the Director informed

just left his hospital. Nurse Zelder tried to tell him of the injured man's warning to her.

Impatiently, the Director muttered: "Delirium!"

"But Dr. Pieters, this morning on my way here by train from Amsterdam I *did* lose my valise!"

* * *

Peter Hurkos—a big man, 6'3" and not looking overweight at 228 pounds—does not know why or how he knows what he knows . . . why the smallest detail, of no seeming importance—such as the third button on a man's vest being sewn with blue thread instead of black—appears on the radar screen of his mind. He doesn't know how he can take a photograph selected at random from two or three hundred on a table before him, hold it in his hand and know at once where the pictured person is, what he is doing, and the state of his health. His information is as accurate when he is blindfolded as when his eyes are open.

Maria Hurkos, young, attractive, Belgian, is a nurse at the hospital where Peter Hurkos is recovering from his injuries. She is a nurse at the hospital where Peter Hurkos is recovering from his injuries. She is a nurse at the hospital where Peter Hurkos is recovering from his injuries.

tunity to provide for his birthday, a new hat for herself, or even a new kind of dessert for dinner.

Some call it "extra sensory perception"; some call it a "sixth sense." Whatever it is, it enables Peter Hurkos to solve riddles, to see around corners, and—most important—to right wrong. Working with the police of 27 countries speaking five languages besides his native Dutch (he has learned English in the past ten months and speaks it with a slight Scottish accent), this man is at home anywhere in the world because nothing is new or strange to him.

In his bulging scrapbooks are clippings, pictures, citations. One of the latter bears the crest and seal of Spain's Franco; another, highly prized, is signed by the Archbishop of Mechlin and was presented

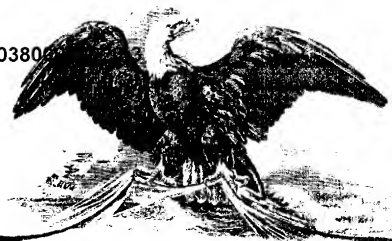
files hold hundreds of letters from men and women whose lives have benefited in one way or another through the exercise of Peter Hurkos's "sixth sense."

Living now at Glen Cove, on the coast of Maine, overlooking Penobscot Bay, Peter Hurkos has spent nearly a year giving laboratory demonstrations of his remarkable ability to *know* almost everything about other people. These tests will help medical science to understand more of the extra sensory perception so highly developed in this Dutch house painter.

For those with respect for figures, it is of interest that in certain tests in which Peter Hurkos made a perfect score, an electronic brain shows that the odds of accomplishing this by chance are ONE in 629,000,000,000,000,000,000 times.

Listening to opera recordings, painting little pictures, not houses—and with great speed and dramatic color), working on his boat, and cooking, are things for his spare time. He receives as many as 100 letters a week from people who feel that Peter Hurkos can help them.

When Peter Hurkos is in the city of Boston or Buenos Aires . . . and when he travels from the streets and cafes of New York to the hills of the Blue Ridge Mountains . . . he is always



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Maria Hurkos, young, attractive, Belgian, and a licensed pilot for both day and night flying, would be just as happy if her husband did not greet her after a simple shopping expedition with, "You bought a green dress with a silver belt for \$35, and tried on two others before you chose this one." She has no oppor-

tunity to surprise him with a gift for his birthday, a new hat for herself, or even a new kind of dessert for dinner.

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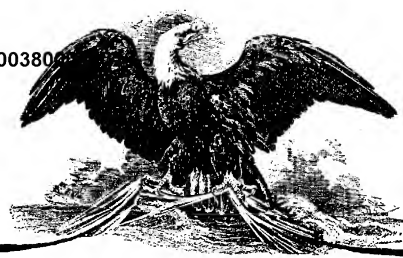
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When the telephone rings it may be Boston or Buenos Aires . . . and when he leaves from the airport four miles from his home, he may be heading for Cleveland or Cairo.

Peter Hurkos can't say "No—"

Instead, he says, "I'll do what I can!"



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